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# THE SAYIN' GOOD BYE



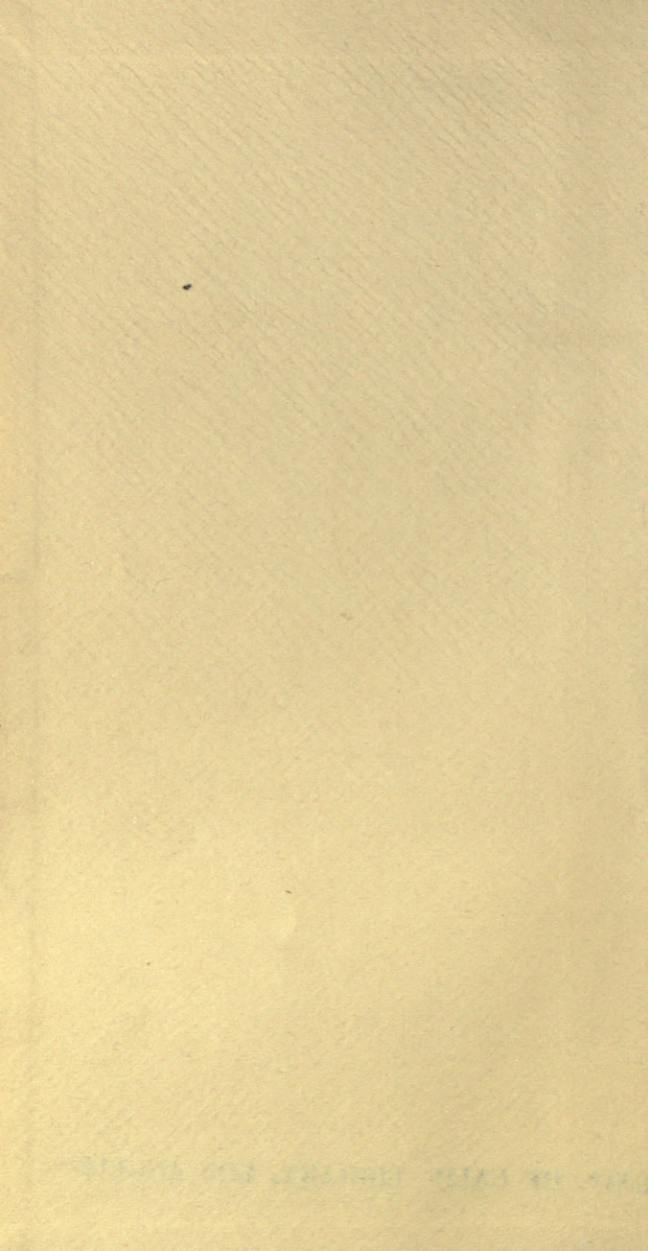
WILBUR D. NESBIT





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# THE SAYIN' GOOD BYE



BY  
WILBUR D. NESBIT

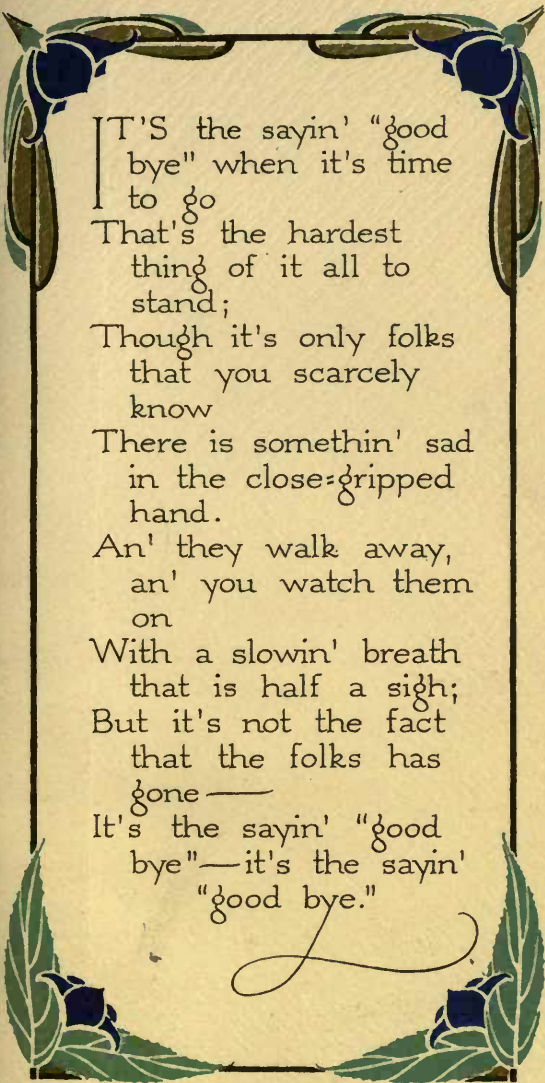
*Dick*



Published in the Shop of  
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Chicago, U.S.A.



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IT'S the sayin' "good  
bye" when it's time  
to go

That's the hardest  
thing of it all to  
stand;

Though it's only folks  
that you scarcely  
know

There is somethin' sad  
in the close-gripped  
hand.

An' they walk away,  
an' you watch them  
on

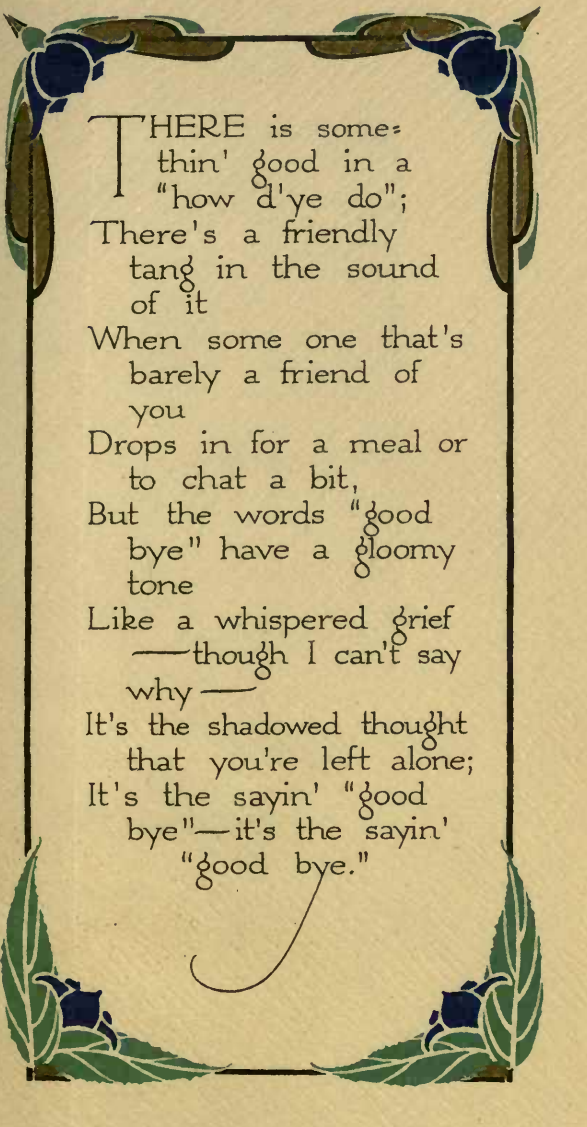
With a slowin' breath  
that is half a sigh;

But it's not the fact  
that the folks has  
gone —

It's the sayin' "good  
bye" — it's the sayin'  
"good bye."







THERE is some-  
thin' good in a  
"how d'ye do";  
There's a friendly  
tang in the sound  
of it

When some one that's  
barely a friend of  
you

Drops in for a meal or  
to chat a bit,

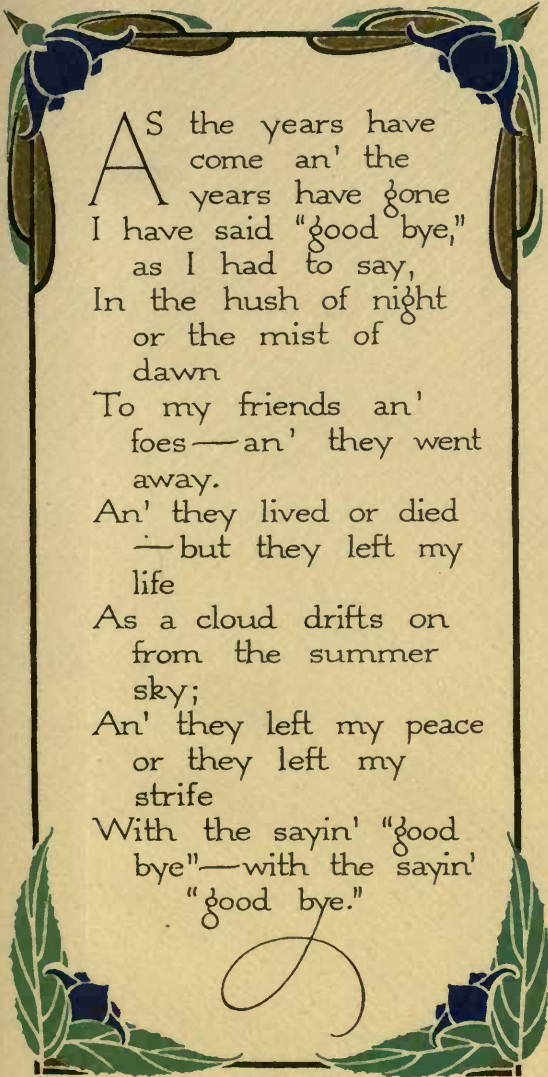
But the words "good  
bye" have a gloomy  
tone

Like a whispered grief  
—though I can't say  
why —

It's the shadowed thought  
that you're left alone;

It's the sayin' "good  
bye"—it's the sayin'  
"good bye."





AS the years have  
come an' the  
years have gone  
I have said "good bye,"  
as I had to say,  
In the hush of night  
or the mist of  
dawn

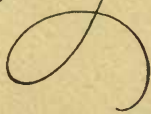
To my friends an'  
foes—an' they went  
away.

An' they lived or died  
—but they left my  
life

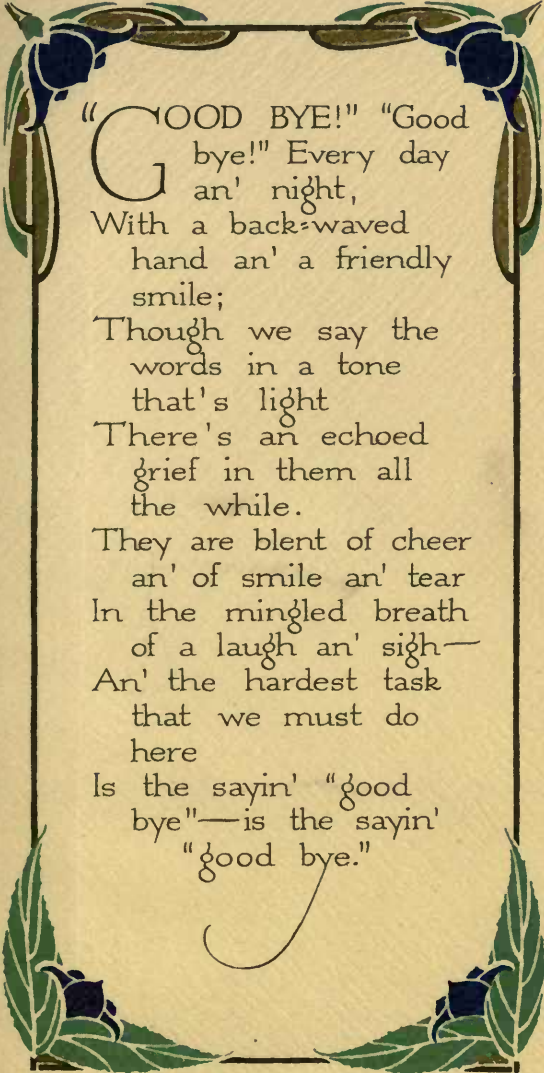
As a cloud drifts on  
from the summer  
sky;

An' they left my peace  
or they left my  
strife

With the sayin' "good  
bye"—with the sayin'  
"good bye."







"GOOD BYE!" "Good  
bye!" Every day  
an' night,

With a back-waved  
hand an' a friendly  
smile;

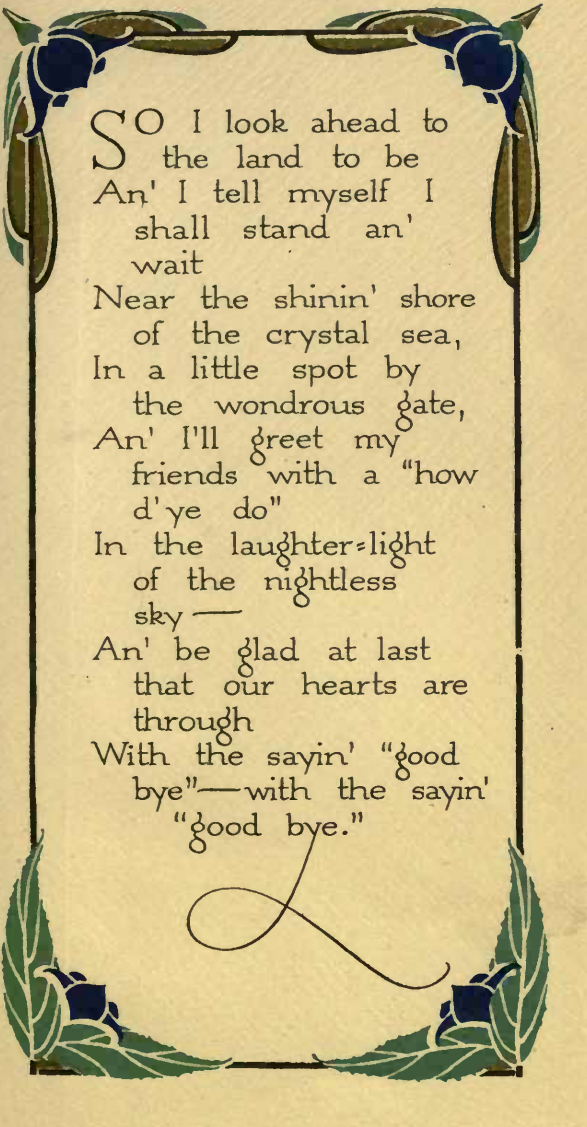
Though we say the  
words in a tone  
that's light

There's an echoed  
grief in them all  
the while.

They are blent of cheer  
an' of smile an' tear  
In the mingled breath  
of a laugh an' sigh—  
An' the hardest task  
that we must do  
here

Is the sayin' "good  
bye"—is the sayin'  
"good bye."





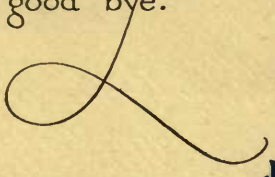
SO I look ahead to  
the land to be  
An' I tell myself I  
shall stand an'  
wait

Near the shinin' shore  
of the crystal sea,  
In a little spot by  
the wondrous gate,  
An' I'll greet my  
friends with a "how  
d'ye do"

In the laughter-light  
of the nightless  
sky —

An' be glad at last  
that our hearts are  
through

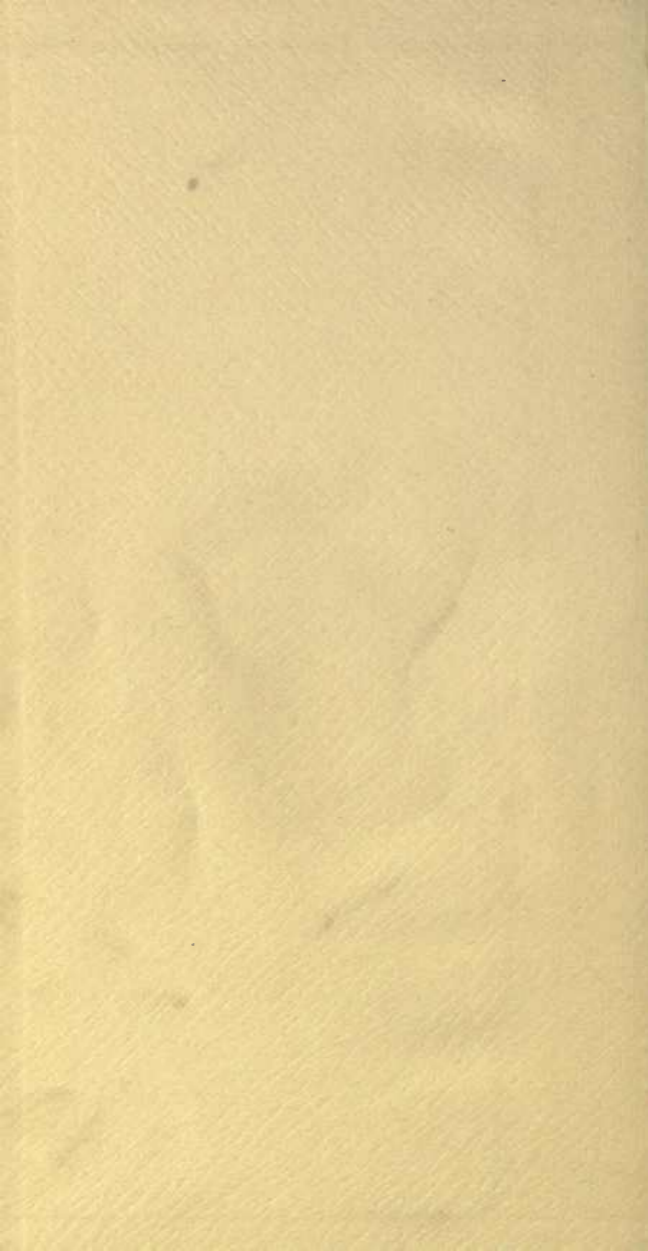
With the sayin' "good  
bye"—with the sayin'  
"good bye."











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